

STOOD BY THE GUNS.

DESPERATE FIGHT OF THE ELEVENTH OHIO BATTERY AT IUKA.

Stationed in a Front Pass It Repelled Several Charges and Succumbed Only When the Cannons were Nearly All Killed or Wounded and the Chests Empty.

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RTILERY fighting looks easy when you reason from a theoretical point of view. With a battery in position, plenty of shot in the chest and men to do the work, what greater odds could be asked over an enemy coming on a charge? The muzzles of the cannons may be pointed so as to sweep the entire front and leave no path way unscathed by missiles. Behind their guns the artillerymen may stand and hurl large shot or pour canister into the ranks of the assailants almost at will. The opposing artillery is unable to fire upon a battery while a party is charging it for fear of hurting friends, and at the supreme moment it comes to a tussle between cannon and rifles or bayonets. The slashing shells would suppose could outdo bullets, the showers of canister overmatch the bayonets. Sometimes it turns out so, but not always.

The first time that I saw an array of our cannon on the battlefield, I said to a comrade, "How can we help winning?" With more experience than I, he exclaimed, "It's all right if they'll stand," meaning the artillerymen. We were infantry, and I said cheerfully, "Of course they'll stand if we stand by them." I soon found out that I would prefer the other horn of the dilemma, to charge the enemy's guns rather than to stand by our own guns while repelling a charge, if that charge was worthy the name. The bloodiest experience of this kind during the civil war fell to the lot of the Eleventh Ohio battery, in the little fight at Iuka, Miss., Sept. 19, 1862. It was an accidental battle, and that partly accounts for the extraordinary exposure of the artillery.

Toward the close of the day Sanborn's brigade of Rosecrank's army was marching along a high road leading to the town, feeling the way in anticipation of striking a Confederate outpost. The route lay through a strip of woods that separated two wide clearings held by the enemy, and upon entering the pass Sanborn's column drew a heavy fire from Confederate rifleman and artillery. The place would have proven an ambush had Sanborn pushed ahead, but he halted his line and the enemy quickly attempted to crush it before it could prepare for battle. There was no time to lose and the nearest battery, which happened to be the Eleventh Ohio, was placed on a slight elevation at the edge of the wood, where it could sweep the roadway and also the nearest edges of the clearings on both sides of it. The position of the guns was an ideal one, a wide range to the right and left oblique and a slope along the whole front. Regiments of infantry were placed on each flank of the battery and in rear, and as far as it went the line of battle was perfect.

Looking at the plan on paper, most men of experience would choose a place behind a hill or a ridge, and the Eleventh Ohio did just that. The troops took their stations under a heavy fire of shell and bullets, and were no sooner settled down to business than the Confederates charged three columns deep upon the crest where the battery stood. The Ohioans opened their guns with canister and the infantry on either side gave the assailants volley after volley of bullets. The charge was repulsed, and no doubt the men who had a hand in the work thought they could easily repeat a second and even a third. The battery was still intact, its fighting force of 54 officers and men quite unharmed, and enough ammunition on hand to double the guns for the next encounter.

There were other Union guns in position on the field, but the Confederates were bent upon silencing those of the Eleventh Ohio first. They reformed and dashed in again with vigorous yell. A dense thicket screened them at the start, then they fell below the bank of a ravine, finally emerging into full view at the distance of 100 yards from Sanborn's line. The Ohioans let go their double charges of canister, the infantry keeping company for a time with well aimed bullets. But while the



AT THE MUZZLES OF THE GUNS.

cannon, belching canister, were good for all the enemy could bring against them, their infantry supports only counted as man against man, and the enemy outnumbered them. Some in the rear and some on the left gave way.

The Confederates of course followed up and passed the flank of the battery. Quickly some companies of infantry from other points were hurried to the scene of danger, and the assailants were driven back with cheers of victory on their lips. However, they had carried confusion into Sanborn's ranks and upset the idea that the fight was to be all one way. Three Union columns had been shot down while leading up detachments to save the threatened battery. Other troops that were called upon to rally around it found their hands full in holding their own. So the truth dawned upon Sanborn that the Ohioans and some scattered infantry companies next to the cannon must fight it out alone if the Confederates tried it again. They did try again in the most desperate rush of the day. One Confederate brigade had used itself up in the first two charges, and a fresh brigade then entered the lists.

The Ohio boys were no longer in the ideal situation for artillerymen. Their guns were in place, it is true; the enemy a good distance off, and there were sound men enough to load and fire. But the ammunition was running low on account of those rapid double loads, and besides the infantry supports were busy defending their own lines, and of course the battery hadn't escaped hard blows. Gunners had been killed and wounded; horses had been shot, and in their agony and fright were plunging about, jumping fences and raising their heads and thither, tugging at their harness, rearing and kicking as a jam of terrified horses will. Yet there were cool heads in the little band of cannoneers, and when the third charging column showed its flanks in the clearing on each side of the pass a shower of canister tore through its ranks, and the line halted and staggered.

The column of a regiment that advanced across the cleared ground, the First Texas legion, saw with a quick eye that the battery had the best of the situation so long as

its shot held out, and gave the order to charge the guns at all hazards. His men had already tasted the canister from the well handled pieces, but they moved forward in an oblique course, joined by parts of two regiments, that were directly in front. They used the cold steel, and there was not much to oppose them except fifty doses of canister. They pressed on up to the muzzles of the guns and past them, the Ohioans beating them off with revolver and saber bayonets. Some of the infantry came near by wanted to go to the rescue, but excited runaway artillery teams dashed into their ranks, striking men down and breaking up the formation. Nearly all of the battery horses were disabled, and the guns couldn't be removed. So the cannoneers stood by to defend them literally with the last breath and the last drop of blood. It doesn't often come to that for all the historical gush and old soldier talk about such things, but with the Eleventh Ohio in Iuka, Miss. it did.

When the canister gave out and the Confederates had overrun the battery, bayoneting every man who refused to surrender—and all who could handle a weapon refused—a few of the men desperately stubborn, or perhaps those the least hurt, dragged themselves to the trails of three of the pieces and spiked them. Some were killed in the attempt to serve other guns the same way. The enemy did not enjoy their triumph long, for a fresh Union brigade with some of Sanborn's men retook the position instantly, and there found the dead and dying cannoneers to the number of 18 lying as they had fallen in defense of their guns. Bayonets had done the work. Out of 54 cannoneers, including officers, who handled the guns, 40 were disabled. The slaughter of the horses was equally great, 60 out of 72 being killed or disabled. Five drivers were wounded. Where was there better fighting, or even equal fighting, by any body of men during the war? It took a dozen hands to handle our crack batteries to score a list of victims equal to that of the Eleventh Ohio in the action fought just while the sun was going down, at Iuka. The battery expended 106 rounds of canister, and the Confederates that made the first two charges were fully punished for their temerity. With a few more rounds perhaps the brave cannoneers would have come off victors all through. The enemy recaptured the pieces in a fourth charge, but did not take them from the battlefield.



SPIKING THE CANNON.

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Everything lost, but honor," was the reflection of the surviving cannoneers. They might have quit with that, and no one could blame them. But they were not of that kind. There was one officer left, and with the drivers, the slightly wounded cannoneers and a few helpers lent from the infantry the battery was mustered a couple of weeks later in the intrenchments of Corinth. There were two days of battle. On the first day, Oct. 4, the Confederates—the same men who had been beaten off at Iuka—drove our advanced lines back to the breastworks around the town, expecting a clean sweep on the morrow. On the 5th they assaulted the works fearlessly, and in front of the Eleventh Ohio reached within fifty yards of the guns. No doubt the Ohio boys gave it to them a little hotter in memory of Iuka. At any rate they delayed them with canister, and when they got them on the run limbered up and chased them for miles, halting now and then to dose the fugitive ranks with a little more of the same sort.

After Corinth the battery remained with the army on the Mississippi. There was more marching than fighting for many months, but when Vicksburg was closely invested the boys got a chance to show their metal in another line of work. On the 19th of May, 1863, the battery was assigned to a hill in front of three active Confederate forts, of which Fort Hill was one. In order to reach the position the guns were moved down a steep incline under a concentrated fire from the enemy's forts. Then the cannon, with twelve horses to each and men tugging at the wheels, were rolled up the height to the shelter of the crest.

At a signal to advance the whole armament crossed the ridge into full view, and the enemy's forts again directed their hottest fire upon the little band. In the teeth of that fusillade the men stood their ground until they had hurled back over 500 rounds of shot, every discharge being aimed with coolness and precision. The battery fought through the campaign and afterward served in Arkansas, but never again met an enemy so reckless as that in front of the Iuka Pass.

The Eleventh Ohio was organized in Cincinnati in 1861 from recruits gathered in Athens, Butler, Hamilton, Vinton and Wyandotte counties. The men were specially equipped and made a fine appearance in camp parades. Mrs. Gen. Fremont presented the company with a silk guidon when it reported for duty at army headquarters in St. Louis.

Such incidents were common in those days, and certainly no one suspected that that little banner would some time float over the bloodiest single field battery contest on record. GEORGE L. KILMER.

Electricity and Explosives.
No stronger evidence of the safety of electric lighting installations can be afforded than the fact that a great many explosives factories are now in a building where the preparation of inflammable or highly explosive substances is carried on very special care should be taken in order to avoid even the smallest risk, and powder manufacturers now find that the electric light adds a considerable percentage over gas to the chances of safe operation. While electricity increases the safety of this branch of industry in one way it lessens it in another. There is a great deal of free electricity thrown off in various stages of manufacture, and the disposition of this, so far as it can be removed out of harm's way, is a serious question.

The charge of a powder cake press with ebonite plates may practically be

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As an electrician, you are a large amount of friction or electric influence from outside may cause a sufficient electric charge to give off sparks. Several undisputed cases of this kind have been known. Another source of danger from friction occurs during the glazing, rounding and sieving of gunpowder. The powder is subjected to a constant rubbing of its particles against each other and during the glazing especially there is danger of electricity accumulating.

Therefore precautions should be taken in order to convey away any charge that may accumulate in the glazing barrels.—New York Telegram.

The Meaning of Blunders.

Examining into the matter of blunders, particularly in tracing the course of the "mistakes, well meant," in our own lives, when we look back upon them with the cooler understanding of later years we are constrained to confess that the "mistake" must have been intended to be there, as well as the correct action, because the plan of our development has included both. Continuing to study clearly and deeply we must acknowledge that the mistakes and errors—may, the very sins—when forsaken and forgiven, have helped the soul upward; that all have worked together to accomplish the result sought; that they must have been put there and meant so to be, and so that our "blunders" were not blunders at all, but although we sowed and watered often amiss there was always some increase given which achieved the good we aimed at, but failed to reach.

And deepest of all we see that the divine love, which saw the end from the beginning, bore with a tender compassion to look upon our struggles, our weeping, our disheartened sighs. Ah, infinitely greater it is, like to the love we bear our own children, which is so deep and true that we endure to treat them harshly, and with seeming cruelty behind their tears, knowing surely that one day they will comprehend all the kindness.—Harper's Bazar.

The Localities of the Birds.

All our permanent residents among the birds, both large and small, are comparatively limited in their ranges. The crow is nearly as local as the woodchuck. He goes farther from home in quest of food, but his territory is well defined, both winter and summer. His place of roosting remains the same year after year. Once, while spending a few days at a mountain lake nearly surrounded by deep woods, my attention was attracted each night, just at sundown, by an osprey that always came from the same direction, dipped into the lake as he passed over it for a sip of its pure water and disappeared in the woods beyond.

The routine of his life was probably as marked as that of any of ours. He fished the waters of the Delaware all day, probably never going beyond a certain limit, and returned each night at sundown, as punctual as a day laborer, to his retreat in the forest. The sip of water, too, from the lake he never failed to take.

All the facts we possess in regard to the habits of the song birds in this respect point to the conclusion that the same individuals return to the same localities year after year to nest and to rear their young.—John Burroughs in Century.

A Live Snake in a Woman's Arm.

There lives, or did quite recently, near Columbia, S. C., a woman afflicted in a manner that makes one's flesh creep to think of it. For more than the third of a century she has carried a live snake under the skin of one of her arms. How the reptile first found lodgment in its queer situation is as much of a puzzle to the old lady as it is to the hundreds who have visited her for the purpose of viewing the long welt where the unweelcome creature lies encysted.

When the lady first noticed the bow shaped ridge on her arm it was of about the diameter of a pin, and less than two inches in length. During the many years that it has safely nestled in her flesh it has grown from a mere thread to a snake a foot long and as large as a lead pencil. The eyes of the creature are plainly visible through the skin, and the scales can be felt by rubbing the finger along the welt formed by its body.

Physicians pronounce it a most remarkable freak, and have endeavored, without success, to prevail upon the old lady to have it removed.—Philadelphia Press.

A Gypsy Burial.

An interesting gypsy burial has just taken place at the Catholic cemetery in Weissenau, near Berlin. The son of the gypsy chief was carried to the grave, accompanied by members of the race from far and wide. A band of music opened the procession, followed by gypsies playing the fiddle or clashing cymbals. The

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spendid metal coffin was carried in a first class hearse, on each side of which the cousins and uncles of the deceased rode on horseback, their bridles and saddles being covered with crapes. Close behind the coffin rode the six oldest members of the clan, beating tambourines while they muttered prayers.

Then came a troop of gypsy men, women and children in carriages, on horseback or on foot, clad in their picturesque costumes. The procession was closed by the parents of the deceased, accompanied by four "mourning women," who raised a fearful howling. The sight attracted thousands of spectators. The burial was accomplished with the usual Catholic rites, but afterward the gypsies offered up a dog as a "sacrifice to the moon" in an open field near by.—London News.

Gastronomic Item.
"We are going to have pie for dinner," said Bobby to the minister.

"Indeed!" laughed the clergyman, amused at the little boy's artlessness: "and what kind of pie, Bobby?"
"It's a new kind. Ma was talking this morning about us bringing you to dinner so often, and she said he didn't care what she thought, and she said she'd make him eat humble pie before the day was over, and I suppose we're going to have it for dinner."—Texas Siftings.

Society in Western Towns.

There is a social equality in western country towns that prevails nowhere else, and the daughters of the blacksmith are quite as prominent as the daughters of the banker, providing they behave as well, which they are likely to do, as they all grow up together and are educated in the same schools. The only social test in the west is good conduct.—

PHOENIX MARKETS.

Current Prices for Grain Produce and Fruit Corrected Daily.

WHOLESALE.	
Whole barley per 100 pounds	\$1.00
Rolls	1.10
Wheat	1.20
Flour	1.30
Sugar cubes	7.00
Sugar granulated	6.50
Coffee, green	25.00
Coffee, roasted	24.00
Sisal	8.00
Potatoes, Irish	2.25
Onions	2.00
Salt	2.00
Beans, pink	4.50
Ham, Kansas City, per pound	14
Breast bacon	10
Lard	10
Butter	20
Cheese	16.00
Dried apples	16.00
Dried cherries	16.00
Dried apricots	16.00
Dried grapes	16.00
Almonds	16.00
Honey, strained	16.00
Honey, in comb	16.00
Eggs, per dozen	17.00
Alfalfa hay on ranch per ton	3.50
Grain	4.50
Grain hay baled	7.50
Alfalfa	6.00

Green Fruit—Retail.

Apples, per pound	.50
Peaches	.50
Apples	.50
Strawberries, per box	.20
Blackberries	.20
Tomatoes, per pound	.10
Lemons, per dozen	.40
Oranges	.40

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Beef on foot, per hundred	2.00
Hogs, live	4.00
Sheep	4.00

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You Are Invited!

To attend the dedicatory exercises of the World's Fair buildings to be held at Chicago, Oct. 21.

For the above occasion the "Santa Fe Route" will sell tickets Oct. 16 to 18th inclusive good to return until Oct. 28, at a rate of \$50 for round trip from Deming or El Paso.

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